

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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POETRY.

THE WIFE.

"She flung her white arms around him—
Thou art all this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt
On earth not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel I'll be "alone."

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer,"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone."

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Young man, it is useless to urge this matter. In declining your offer of an alliance with my family, I am in earnest."
"I am not content with a simple rejection of my suit, Mr. Carlton. I give reasons for my own conduct, and I like to have reasons for all acts affecting myself. Will you say why I am not worthy to claim the hand of one whose heart I already possess? Is not my family as good as yours?"

The young man spoke eagerly, while his brows were knit and his eyes firmly fixed on those of the person he addressed.
"William," said Mr. Carlton, manifesting a good deal of excitement as he spoke, "I do not recognize your right to demand of me reasons for my conduct. I will say, however, that the happiness of my child is in my keeping as a natural right, and I am bound to protect her in every way. I regard only her happiness when I decline the offer made for her hand. I know the heart of Jessie well, and know that, if committed to your keeping, it will be a broken heart in less than five years—it may be in less than one."

"I love your daughter, Mr. Carlton," replied the young man. "Why should I break the heart of one I love?"

"William Levering, such love as yours falls upon the heart as a blight, not as a blessing. I know you well, your principles and your life—both are bad."

A red spot burned on the young man's cheek, and his eyes flashed. But Mr. Carlton looked calmly at him.

"Think," he added, "picture to yourself one of your companions in vice approaching your own sister, and offering the love of his corrupt heart. Would you not step between, abandoned as you are, and risk your very life, rather than permit the sacrifice?"

"Mr. Carlton," said Levering, "I cannot permit you, nor any one else, to insult and outrage me in this way."

"As you like," returned the other, coldly. "You ask reasons for my conduct, but are not willing to hear them."

For a short time there was silence, the young man standing in an attitude of irresolution. Then muttering something in an under tone, he retired from the presence of Mr. Carlton.

A few hours afterwards, a servant tapped softly at the chamber door of Miss Carlton, the young lady referred to in the brief conversation just given.

"What do you want, Philip?" asked Jessie, as she opened the door.

The servant slipped a sealed note into her hand, with an air of secrecy, and then retired.

Quickly re-entering her room, and turning the key, Jessie broke the envelope of the billet she had received, and read what was written within. The communication was from her lover, and ran thus:

"I have seen your father, as you so earnestly desired, and the result of the interview is just what I expected. He was not content with an angry denial of my suit, but threw me off with smarting insults. He says I cannot make you happy. Heaven knows how ardently I desire to fill your cup with joy, even until it overruns the brim. If the passionate love of a sincere heart can make you happy, Jessie, then your whole life will be blessed. I cannot imagine the ground of his dislike towards me. I have never injured him nor his. This opposition on his part makes me wretched. Are we then to remain ever separated? or will you leave all, and throw yourself into my arms? I shall await your answer to this in the wildest impatience."

When you have made up your mind, place your answer in the hands of Philip. He will keep our secret inviolate; for he is under obligations to me of the highest character."

"My heart is wholly yours," wrote Jessie, in reply.

"Shall heart and person longer be separated?" answered Levering. "To-morrow week, I hear, your father will leave home, to be gone several days. This I learn from Philip. What better opportunity to pass from his protection to mine."

Two days elapsed, and then the maiden wrote—"Let it be as you desire."

Weak and foolish maiden! In that decision how much was involved! Not the happiness of a day or a year, but it might be, of a whole life-time.

What Mr. Carlton had said to Levering of the principles of his life was true. Both were bad and very bad. He did not truly love Jessie, for of that he was incapable. No man who lacks virtue can love a woman truly. It is a moral impossibility.

Levering had first turned his thoughts to marriage because it was necessary, as he said to himself, to form such an alliance. He belonged to a wealthy family, and, by marrying into a family of equal wealth and standing, he would take proper care of the future. Of course, he must have a beautiful and accomplished wife. In looking around him, no one struck the young man's fancy so strongly as Jessie Carlton; and after weighing all in favor and against an alliance with her family, decided to storm the citadel of her heart. Handsome, intelligent, and with a good address, he was not long in making the impression he desired. Jessie Carlton's young heart was quickly won.

Philip, a servant in the family of Mr. Carlton, whom Levering had secured to his interest, was informed of the intended elopement, and employed to give such aid as his position would afford. Of course, the utmost secrecy was enjoined upon him; and his faithfulness was sought to be secured by threats as well as promises. But Philip found it hard to bear up alone under a secret of such great importance; he wanted some one to share with him the heavy burden. So, confiding in the discretion of another servant in the house, a female, he divulged to her, after first obtaining her promise not to betray what he was about to communicate, the fact of Jessie's intended flight.

On the night previous to the day on which Mr. Carlton was to leave home, he sat up late engaged in writing. It was past eleven o'clock, when there was a light tap at his door, which opened immediately, and a female servant glided in noiselessly, closing softly the door after her.

"Well Hannah?" said he, in a voice of inquiry, as she approached him, in a somewhat agitated manner.

Hannah sunk into a chair, so much disturbed, that it was some moments before she could speak.

"Mr. Carlton," she at length said, "Oh I have something dreadful to tell you."

"For heaven's sake, Hannah, speak out quickly, then! What has happened?" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, agitated in turn.

"Nothing has happened yet; but, if you go away to-morrow, it will happen. Oh, sir, do not go away."

"Hannah, what is the meaning of this? Speak out plainly at once."

"Miss Jessie—"

"Jessie! What of her?"

"She is going off with Mr. Levering."

"When? Where is she?" The father was on his feet, and moving towards the door. "Speak, girl!"

"Oh, sir, don't be frightened," said Hannah, "it isn't to-night. Miss Jessie is in her room. I have only come to tell you about it in time."

"Ah! thank you, my faithful Hannah."

Mr. Carlton spoke in a calmer voice; and, returning to the secretary where he had been writing, sat down again.

"Now," he added, "tell me all you know about this matter."

"All I know," replied Hannah, "I got to-day from Philip. He told me that he has been carrying letters from Mr. Levering to Jessie and back again, for some time, and that it is all arranged for her to go off with him just at daylight, the morning after you leave home."

"Can it be possible? Mad girl!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, passionately. "And you are sure of all this, Hannah?"

"Philip told me, and I'm afraid it is all true."

"Very well, Hannah. I thank you from my heart for this act of duty. You have saved Jessie, it may be, from a life of misery. Mr. Levering is a bad man, and if she marries him, he will make her wretched. Foolish, foolish girl! Could she not believe her father?"

After some further conference, the girl left the room; and Mr. Carlton, closing his secretary, walked the floor for the space of an hour ere retiring. On the next day, greatly to the surprise of Hannah, he left home at the time previously appointed.

No sleep weighed down the eyelids of Jessie Carlton, during the night that succeeded. Through the long hours that intervened from the time the family retired until the hand of Aurora gently raised the curtain of darkness from the east, she either walked the floor of her chamber or lay wakeful upon the bed. At the early dawn she was to pass from beneath her father's

roof and from under his protection, committing unto another her destiny. Well might her heart tremble and grow faint as she tried to look into the dark future; well might she shrink back, half repentant, and hesitate about the step she had resolved to take. The silent midnight gives to the wakeful solemn thoughts. Such thoughts came to Jessie; and as the winds sighed through the trees or moaned beneath the leaves; it seemed as if a spirit was addressing her in tones of warning.

At last, a feeble line of light was seen upon the horizon; and it gradually widened until the dawn appeared. Hurriedly throwing a shawl around her, Jessie stood for some minutes near the window, as if awaiting an expected signal. Presently a hand was laid upon the lock. Silently crossing the room she opened the door. Philip stood there with his finger on his lip.

"Is it all right?" asked Jessie, in a very low agitated whisper.

"All is right," returned the man. "Be quick he is waiting for you."

Gliding through the door, Jessie went noiselessly down stairs. As she passed into the open air, Levering received her, handing, as he did so, a purse of money to the treacherous servant as his promised reward.

A few minutes prior to this, a scene even more exciting took place a short distance from the mansion of Mr. Carlton, where a carriage stood in waiting for the fugitive. The driver had left his box, and was standing near his horses, when, suddenly, a man was by his side, pistol in hand, uttering, in a low peremptory voice, "Silence and you are safe!"

The driver started back a few paces in alarm, while the stranger who had presented his weapon, kept it directed towards him.

"Now leave these grounds as quickly as you can go," said the intruder.

The driver hesitated, when the sharp click of the pistol-lock was heard.

"Go instantly!" repeated the man. "Your horses and carriage are safe. You will find them at the 'Stag and Hound' in an hour from this. Now go if you set the value of a hair upon your life."

The driver by this time thoroughly alarmed, fled. As soon as he had left the ground, the stranger mounted the box and grasped the reins. Hardly had he taken his place, ere Levering and Jessie appeared, and hurriedly entered the carriage.

"Where did you say I must drive?" inquired the man, leaning over from the box.

"To Mr. Liston's. And see that no grass grows beneath your horses' feet."

The man spoke sharply to the spirited animals, and away they dashed at full speed. Liston was a minister, who was engaged to perform the marriage service for Levering and Jessie. He lived in the town which lay a short distance from the beautiful country residence of Mr. Carlton.

In a few minutes, the horses were reined up at the dwelling of the minister, when Levering sprang from the carriage, and lifting Jessie, as she attempted to descend, actually bore her in his arms across the pavement into the house. Just as the fugitives disappeared, another vehicle drove up at a rapid pace. The self-constituted driver of Levering's carriage left his own horses, and hurrying to the door of the second carriage, spoke rapidly a few words to some one within; and then turning away, entered the minister's house and throwing off his rough hat and coat in the hall, presented the figure of a well dressed gentleman. For a few moments, he stood, as if awaiting some one, while his ear was bent towards the door of a room that opened from a passage, to hear what was going on within. Then he placed his hand on this door, and gently pushing it open, entered. The young couple were already on the floor; and the minister, in his robes, stood before them ready to begin the ceremony. So softly had the stranger entered, that no one perceived his presence but the minister, who did not permit the intrusion to interfere with what he was doing. He began and progressed until he came to that part of the ceremony in which is demanded of those present to show cause why the parties about to be joined in holy wedlock cannot lawfully enter that state, when the door was thrown suddenly open, and a woman rushing in exclaimed—

"I forbid this marriage!"

"Who are you, and by what right do you speak?" inquired the minister, in an agitated voice.

Levering and Jessie started at this unexpected interruption; and, turning looked in astonishment both at the woman and man.

"Miss Carlton," said the woman, coming up to Jessie and grasping her arm, "you have no right to this man; he belongs to me by a prior claim, that I will not see canceled. There is your natural protector!"—and she drew her, with a sudden jerk, across the room towards the man who had entered just before her—"your father! And, in heaven's name, let not a man like this prompt you thus madly from his side again!"

Jessie scarcely heard the closing words of the sentence. Overcome by so dreadful a termination of her elopement, she sank into the arms of her father—for it

was he who had just driven her to the minister's.

Before the vile companion of his evil hours, Levering stood, for a few moments covered with shame and confusion.

"Now go, young man," said Mr. Carlton, sternly, as he supported the form of his child; "go with this vile unhappy creature, whom you have reduced from virtue to a level with yourself. Go, consort with her as your equal; but dream not again of an alliance with the pure being I have saved from your unhallowed grasp. She can never be yours. If, before you could deceive her into the belief that you were an angel of light, the power of deception is now gone, for you stand before her in all your native corruption and deformity. Go, sir!"

Confounded by a denouement so painful and humiliating, Levering, as soon as he could collect his bewildered senses, sprang from the room. As he gained the open air, the driver who had been so suddenly deprived of his carriage, came up. Levering hurriedly entered the vehicle, exclaiming—"drive me home!"

The man needed not a second invitation to mount his box. Quick as thought he had the reins in his hands, and the horses were soon springing before him at a gallop.

The reader doubtless understands all this without further explanation; and Levering had but few inquiries to make ere he comprehended the whole affair to more than his entire satisfaction. As for Jessie, she, too, understood enough to make her heart sink in her bosom and tremble, when even the thought of the narrow escape she had made from an alliance that could only have procured wretchedness, if it would not have borne her down to the grave, in a few short years, with a broken heart.

AFFECTING LETTER.

FROM A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following most touching fragment, was found by the husband, some months after the death of the writer. It was discovered lying between the leaves of an old religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The writing was literally dim with the traces of her tears, and bore evidence of having been penned long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G—, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight, the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching dissolution, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind, and although to you and to others, it may seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear G—, it is so! Many weary hours have passed in the endeavors to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty, and hard indeed it is to struggle so silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever, and go down alone into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I trusted,' and leaning upon his arm, 'I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping all this even from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time shall soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death-damp from your brow and usher your departing spirit into your Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching through long and weary nights for my spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking heart from your breast to my Savior's bosom! And you shall share my last thought—the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G—, where you will lay me, often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and gilded the grassy mounds around us with waves of burnished gold, we have both perhaps thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, the others name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot; and I know you'll love it none the less, when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, where I am laid down to rest in my last silent sleep and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, 'I am not lost but gone before!'"

SELF-CULTURE.

The mind is so constituted that a great amount of cultivation is necessary for the full development of its powers. No man whatever may have been his intellectual endowments, has ever become great in literature, science, or philosophy, without long and persevering effort. Men of genius are men of toil; and they rise to eminence, not merely because they possess mental faculties, transcendent power and brilliancy, but because they cultivate, with increasing assiduity, the native talents with which they are endowed. Many a young man has had hopes of future greatness forever blasted by having imbibed the pleasing, but delusive idea, that he was a genius. Who would toil to ascend the hill of fame if its summit could be gained by a life of idleness and pleasure? Who would strive for greatness, if made to believe that genius was thrust upon him, and like an inherited estate, he had only to use it? Genius is like ore in the bed, which must be brought to the light, and fused, and harmonized, into useful and beautiful forms. The essential elements of the polished rapier, or Damascus blade, existed in the rude lump of ore, but it required the patient skill and energy of the smith to bring it from its crude condition to one of great brilliancy, elasticity, and keenness.

It should be a fixed principle, with all who have the responsibility of educating the young, to instill into their minds the idea, that in order to become learned they must rely mainly upon their own resources.

It is idle to suppose that a few years spent at school is sufficient to establish one's reputation for learning and renown. The advantages of a liberal education are useful to those who are determined to educate themselves. It renders the struggle less arduous, by having the aids of age and wisdom to point out the way that leads to honor, usefulness, and distinction.

A course of instruction at some celebrated institution of learning, will prove disadvantageous to those who rely upon the honors conferred upon them by learned professors, to bring themselves into notice, without making further efforts to acquire knowledge, than merely going through the rotation of classical recitations; without that personal searching, criticism, and reflection, which makes the ideas our own.

The honor of being a self-taught man should not be confined entirely to those who have not had the advantages of a liberal education. Does four or eight years' study, of a variety of sciences, perfect the mind in any one thing? Nothing would be more ridiculous than such a supposition. The college graduate is obliged to study for years before he can render himself distinguished in his profession. He must, in short, be self-taught in the volumes of observation, experience, and practical life.

Self-educated men in the common acceptance of that term, are those who have risen to distinction without the advantages of a collegiate course of instruction. In this category may be classed Dr. Franklin, Washington, Sherman, and others, who lived in the "time that tried men's souls;" and in our own day, Clay, Van Buren, and many other distinguished men may be ranked in the same class. These examples should furnish a motive to young men to improve the time and talents conferred upon them by an ALL WISE CREATOR, in such a manner as to become a blessing to society and the world. There is a vast amount of uncultivated mind in our country, and it is dangerous to republican institutions. It should be the aim of every patriot, to do all in his power to influence the young to persevere in the culture of their minds, that they may be prepared to act well their part in sustaining the institutions of our beloved country.

The instruction which youth receive at school is only a step-stone to self-improvement. It places in their hands the tools with which to carve out their future achievements. The best institutions of learning in the world can do no more than this: for the topmost round of the ladder of science can only be attained by a life time of intellectual toil. But not to be misunderstood on this subject, I would simply remark, that all minds are susceptible of the same degree of improvement. No truth presents itself with more force and plainness, than that the human family possess a diversity of intellectual gifts; Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare, will stand in future ages, as they have done in past, upon the highest summit of Parnassus' mount, and he who attempts to soar above them, will make an "uneasily fluttering," and perish in the rash adventure. "No sane mind attempts impossibilities," and the young aspirant for intellectual renown should study his own capabilities, by the light which the true science of mind sheds along his pathway, and pursue such a course of self-culture as will be certain to gratify a laudable ambition.

The government under which we live is favorable to self-culture, for the obvious reason, that the highest stations are within the reach of the humblest individual. The nobility of talent, polished and strengthened by industry, and not *heirship*, give office and honor. Quite a number of our presidents have been men who raised themselves from obscurity, by indomitable perseverance in self-culture, to the highest

and most honorable station in the gift of an enlightened nation. The road to knowledge is not hedged up by despotic enactments, either civil or religious, and every person is left to the freedom of his own will in selecting a profession, or occupation for life. Thus the young man is thrown upon his own resources, and the progress he makes towards the goal of intelligence, will be in exact proportion to his natural capacity, and the effort he makes to acquire useful knowledge. Finally, self-culture should extend to morals; for men of giant intellects, without morality, are a curse to any nation.

IN DEBT.

BY J. BULLOCK.

The old man was in debt. In the vigor of his youth he had yielded to the flattery of his friends, and to his own ambition, and emerged into business. For a while everything went on smoothly; he bid fair to become one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of his town.

He was made a vestryman of the village church; he was elected a State Legislator; he was always looked after at the Lyceum, and the public dinner; his society was always courted at the meetings of the noted and rich. His workmen and laborers thought him the model of excellence, for he always acted as a man when among his fellow men.

His daughters were sought after by the sons of the rich and the famed, and were flattered immensely.

Soon it is discovered that the Old Man sows and others reap—that his reputed friends are leeches on his industry; that in his lenity to workmen he has been unjust to himself, and has not received an equivalent for their wages; that his customers cannot pay and the Old Man becomes a bankrupt.

The Old Man has a high sense of honor—he will not take advantage of the "Bankrupt Law," no, he would sooner cut off his right hand than sign a petition for such relief from his honest debts. He would sooner go down to his grave "in debt," than deny his obligations.

The Old Man is no longer a member of the vestry of the village church—he is in debt.

His friends pass him by in the street—they do not see him—he is in debt.

Men say, "he is honest, a fine Old Man, but he is in debt," they pass on. Merchants say, "tis a pity," "tis unfortunate, for he is certainly an extraordinary Old Man," and then forget him and pass on, for he is in debt.

His daughters have no more suitors now—they are accomplished and amiable, but their father is in debt.

His son can do no business, though possessing business tact, neither can he rise to distinction, for his father is in debt; people fear the son is like him.

And thus it is, the Old Man passes on unnoticed; he cannot again transact business, for he cannot command credit—people are disposed to give the Old Man credit, but they dare not—he is in debt.

The village pastor nods with cold formality and hurries on, he has no time to stop and shake the Old Man's hand as heretofore—the Old Man is in debt.

So it is, the Old Man at the period of life when he is strong in ambition, energy and ability to become wealthy and eminently useful, is kept down in poverty and neglect, a wreck, a broken down man, unnoticed and uncared for, simply because in his youth, he was active and energetic, and is now "IN DEBT."

"MY OWN GREEN LAND."

Mr. Greely closes his series of letters from Europe with the following eloquent passage:

"With a glow of unwonted rapture I see our stately vessel's prow turned towards the setting sun, and strive to realize that only some ten days separate me from those I know and love best on earth. Hark! the last gun announces that the mail boat has left us, and that we are fairly afloat on our ocean journey; the shores of Europe recede from our vision; the watery waste is all around us; and now, with God above, Death below, our gallant bark and her clustered company together brave the dangers of the mighty deep. May infinite Mercy watch over our onward path and bring us to our several homes; for to die away from home and kindred seems one of the saddest calamities that could befall me. 'This mortal tenement would rest uneasily in an ocean shroud; this spirit reluctantly resign that tenement to the chill and pitiless brine; these eyes close regretfully on the stranger skies and bleak inhospitalities of the sullen and stormy main. Not let me see once more the scenes so well remembered and beloved; let me grasp, if but once again, the hand of Friendship and hear thrilling accents of proved Affection, and when sooner or later the hour of mortal agony shall come, let my last gaze be fixed on eyes that will not forget me when I am gone, and let my ashes repose in that congenial soil, which, however I may there be esteemed or hated, is still

"My own green land forever!"

It is remarkable that of all knowledge the most important, the knowledge of ourselves, is most neglected.